

The Falcon's Love

By: Roland W. Peterson



*It is a wonderful thing
just looking at the Falcon
and its offspring*

*High above she hovers
Then suddenly like an arrow
she swoops down all the way
over the little bird of prey*

*Her cry echoes through the air
It seems like she is saying
"Come, come, come fly with me"*

*The little one is standing on the edge
He is listening to his mother's cry
In his little heart he wants to be free
Again and again she swoops over
"Come, come, come fly with me"*

*The wind is blowing hard
His little legs are trembling
He is holding on with his claws
The courage is building up in his heart*

*Then suddenly he makes his first dive
As he plunges to the earth
His worried mother's cry is piercing my ears
Now it feels like my heart is going to stop*

*Then, then suddenly he opens his little wings
He stops falling
He flutters in the air
Now he hovers as a free bird*

*My heart starts to beat again
With joy I scream out
"Free, free at last"*

*The little birds are startled by my screams
With tears in my eyes
I watch the happy mother and her little one
fly into the horizon.*